"Summer Evening: Colorado Mountains"

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Rockies rumble to the Loveland east.
Black clouds huddle, plotting
Strategy of storm.
Westward,
The sun through trees politely glows;
Makes last nods timidly
To thunderheads,
Backing out the skydoor, scared-like.
(Pines nod approval
At the move's meetness.)
I continue, not talking,
To Cabin—
Wind upping
And slant drops.
Glowering, half-acting,
I snub the little hotblood breeze,
Take a last look at russet remnants,
Mutter
"Cressida."

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